

Britannia's Summons

TO THE

Old Genius

OF THE

NATION.

O R,

Glorious Candidates for the
New Elections.

L O N D O N



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Britannia's *Summons*, &c.

Rowse up, old *Genius* of my fruitful Isles,
 Now warm'd at once with Heav'n and *Anna's*
 Smiles;
 Shake off that Jealously, and wild Despair,
 That drive you from my Sons, we know not where;
 Who, wanting your Return, live uninspir'd,
 Whilst you in Cells and Caverns sleep retir'd.
 So the fond Lover, when disturb'd in Mind
 To see his Mistress to some Rival kind,
 To solitary Woods and Groves he flies,
 And grieves to think he's lost so fair a Prize.
 But thou, great *Genius*, hast no Cause to mourn;
 The brightest She invites thy kind Return,
 And bids thee welcome to her gen'rous Arms,
 Tho' rival-Crouds adore her awful Charms,
 And gladly would advance thee now to be
 A faithful Friend to her, as well as me.
 Slip not an Opportunity so fair,
 But for a glad Reception now prepare:
 From thy long dozing Lethargy awake,
 And thy obscure Retreat with speed forsake:

Let wonted Loyalty adorn thy Face,
 Mix'd with a sober, true, religious Grace,
 That squinting Zeal at thy Approach may fly
 With modish double-tongu'd Hypocrisy;
 And all the Train of Errors that delude,
 With painted Out-sides, the misjudging Croud,
 And draw my weaker Sons to be no less
 Than Tools to work their own Unhappiness.
 May Vice and Folly vanish when they see
 Those ancient Vertues that remain in thee;
 Who in past Ages rais'd my Fame so high,
 That none could with the bless'd *Britannia* veigh;
 No Nation dare to interrupt my Peace,
 But trembl'd when my Navy spread the Seas;
 No State, with Letters from Abroad, presume
 T' encourage factious Insolence at Home;
 But long were fearful of my awful Frowns,
 And dreaded to provoke my valliant Sons.
 But since thou, *Genius*, hast thy self withdrawn
 From Palaces and Towns, to Caves unknown,
 And, frighted by the Vices of the Age,
 Forsaken in Disdain the publick Stage;
 Pride, Lust, and Av'rice in thy Absence reign,
 And Conscience is become a Slave to Gain:

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The most Devout ev'n cancel and exclude
 All Sense of Duty, Peace, and Gratitude ;
 Pervert Religion into base Design,
 And scarce believe there's any God, but Coin ;
 The Rich, thro' Envy, with their Rulers clash,
 And by their partial Heats, make others rash ;
 The Great, for Int'rest sake, themselves divide,
 And each deluded Slave must chuse his Side ;
 Contentious Guides improve the rising Jars,
 And spoil the publick Peace by Pulpit-Wars ;
 Vertue's quite sunk, is no where to be found,
 And all that's good, is in Dissention drown'd ;
 Clamours and Cavils fill the noisy Streets,
 And most Men rave, as if besides their Wits ;
 Ambitious Spirits do the Feuds begin,
 And groundless Hopes and Fears draw others in ;
 This Knave a Nick-name for Destinction bears,
 That Fool some Badge of Opposition wears,
 That by their Marks, like Beasts, they may be known,
 And ev'ry spiteful Party claim their own.
 So Forrest-Colts and Heifers wear the Brand,
 That those who mark 'em, may the Bruits command,
 And for their Self-advantage, and their Ease,
 Tame the wild Herd, and ride 'em as they please.

One Party claims Dominion o'er the rest,
 And proudly think their Tribe can govern best;
 Against contending Rivals vent their Spleen,
 And seem to aim at Things they never mean;
 With Schemes of publick Good amuse the Town,
 Tho' only act persuant to their own;
 With Tales and Fables, feed the gaping Croud,
 And cozen Fools, to sing their Praise aloud;
 Give pious Names to villainous Designs,
 And stifle Truth with Punishments and Fines,
 That sham-Pretence their Projects may disguise,
 And skreen their vile Attempts from common Eyes;
 Their Grants are lib'ral, that themselves may share
 What starving Thousands with Reluctance spare;
 And their own Party proud and wealthy grow,
 By bringing those they are avers'd to, low;
 Believing always 'tis no more than just,
 To make the utmost Profit of their Trust.
 Thus of the publick Good they often speak,
 But 'tis the publick Money that they seek.
 To serve their Country, is their common Plea,
 But to enrich themselves, we plainly see,
 Is the great End of all the Stir they make,
 For none court Bus'ness, but for Riches sake.

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The Soldier wishes War may never cease,
 And damns the Mouth that prays aloud for Peace ;
 Would ruin all his sanguinary Way,
 To fight for not his Country, but his Pay ;
 Would live profuse, and have the Land provide
 Large Sums, tho' needless, to support his Pride,
 And fain would make the giving Fools agree,
 That War is just, beyond Necessity.

So cunning Dabblers in the crabbed Laws,
 That have by Art prolong'd a gainful Cause,
 When to the last Decree it seems to tend,
 They still find Quibbles to postpone its End.

The Guide, to th' Int'rest of his Party, suits
 His Pulpit-Doctrines, and his warm Disputes ;
 Defends the Side to which himself inclines,
 And streins the Text, to serve their ill Designs ;
 Does from old Prophets and Apostles glean,
 And makes 'em speak those Things they ne'er could
 Turns all Religion to the private Ends (mean ;
 Of those he humbly courts to be his Friends ;
 Preaches and scribbles with unweary'd Pains,
 To please that Party that commands the Reins ;
 In hopes they may some Dignity confer
 Upon the learn'd, but halting Sophister,

Who

Who only fawns on those that bear the Rule,
 And as they sink, their holy Friend grows cool.
 So flatt'ring Sycophants, that cringe and wait
 On this or that Great Minister of State,
 In hopes they, by his Favour, may obtain
 Some Post at Court, of Honour, and of Gain ;
 When once he's lost his Int'rest and his Power,
 They cry him down, that cry'd him up before.

The Politician lurks behind the Scenes,
 Makes crafty Knaves his Tools, and Fools his Screens,
 That one may help him to advance his Fame,
 And when he errs, the other bear the Blame:
 His angry Breath does sudden Storms produce,
 Of which he wisely makes a gainful Use,
 And, Miller-like, does warily dispose
 His Sails, according as he finds it blows :
 He christens Parties, gives the Fools their Names,
 And to his Int'rest turns their Heats and Flames ;
 Encourages their Feuds, by secret Means,
 And when the Harvest's ripe, both reaps and gleans ;
 Strikes in with those that are advanc'd aloft,
 And joins 'em not thro' Principle, but Craft.
 Thus in one Channel all that's gainful flows,
 'Till that Side's Management obnoxious grows ;

And suffering Crouds, uneasy at their Wants,
 In publick Manner shew their just Complaints ;
 Then the wise Pilot timely tacks about,
 And helps them in, he had before turn'd out ;
 Trims with the *Junto* that obtains the Pow'r,
 And sooths the rising Side, to be secure ;
 Does the declining Name of Low defy,
 And with the self-same Principles grows High :
 Thus flatter all Sides, to increase his Store,
 And when he's play'd *Tom-Double* o'er and o'er,
 He has as much Religion as before.

So he who, as his present Int'rest calls,
 Shall to the Meeting wander from *St. Paul's*,
 And back again, e'er long, for Profit, run,
 As crafty Numbers have too lately done.
 Let them profess what Faith they please, 'tis plain
 Their whole Religion is the Lust of Gain.

The Lawyer judges of Delinquents Crimes,
 Not by the Rules of Justice, but the Times.
 When the Low Party are in Power great,
 The High are then obnoxious to the State :
 The fav'rite Side shall be at large allow'd,
 With Blasphemies and Lies, to gorge the Croud,

(15)
And spread those heath'nish Tenets, that presage
Confusion to a wild and wicked Age ;
Yet all the Wounds they give the publick Weal,
So hard to bear, and difficult to heal,
The Sage shall construe with a good Intent
To serve the Party call'd the Government ;
And he that merits hanging for his Fate,
Shall be esteem'd a pious Advocate,
That rather has a Right to Thanks and Praise,
Than Punishment, for Ills he does or says,
Because the Scoundrel is an impious Tool
To those who're always Tyrants when they rule.
But should a bold Opposer of their Tribe,
This Villain's Crimes expose, that Knave describe,
And open those Designs they have in hand,
To bubble and enslave their native Land ;
Apprise the Publick of their vile Deceits,
And manifest their base natorious Cheats ;
Caution the Nation of the Snares they've laid,
And shew the World the wicked Steps they've made ;
Or but remind their Zealots of their sly
Bifarious Shuffles and Hypocrisy ;
Or call to Mind their old rebellious Guilt,
The Plots they've hatch'd, the Royal Blood they've spilt ;
Such

Such sad Memorials, when the Low-Church reign,
 Tho' Truth, are false, malicious, and profane,
 As each grave Advocate, with awful Look,
 Can prove it out of this and t'other Book.
 Thus some for Truth are punish'd and oppress'd,
 And others for their Villanies carefs'd,
 As if the Law was by the Lawyers made
 As much a Party, as it is a Trade.
 Just so, when Faction do their Prince dethrone,
 And place some Traytor, for their Turn, thereon,
 The Law does for the strongest Side declare,
 And makes them Rebels, who the Suff'ers are.

The bold Reformers of the Church and State,
 Who aim to widen Heaven's narrow Gate,
 And to reduce the Throne to such a Chair,
 Fit only for a Speaker, or a May'r,
 That ev'ry factious Botifeau might climb
 Into the Seat, by Dint of Vote, in Time ;
 Or that they might for ever pull it down,
 And all their Tribe be Sharers in the Crown.
 These Modellers, made up of Fire and Tow,
 The Leaders of the People, call'd the Low,
 Too furious and too rash to bear the Sway,
 And yet too bold and restless to obey,

Believe Church-Doctrine to be too severe,
 Because their Practice from her Precepts err;
 Would therefore, for the Ease of Christian Souls,
 To their ill Lives, reduce her holy Rules,
 And make the Heav'nly Path so very broad,
 That impious Knaves might hope to find the Road
 By vile Oppression, Cruelty, and Fraud.
 So Atheists, whose lewd Habits disagree
 With the bless'd Laws of Christianity,
 From all Religion wilfully recede,
 And shape their Notions to the Lives they lead.
 The crafty Trader copies from the Lord,
 And all Things holy does alike regard;
 Tho' ne'er so wicked, has the modish Grace
 To gloss his Knav'ry with a pious Face,
 And turns and winds Religion, if he's any,
 Just as he does his Stock, to gain the Penny.
 When Low-Church is in Vogue, he cants that way,
 And tacks about when High-Church comes in Play;
 Limits his Conscience strictly to his Gain,
 God of his Heart, and Bus'ness of his Brain,
 And can with Ease his craving Mind persuade
 He cannot fail of Heav'n, who minds his Trade;

That

hat from his ill-got Treasure, when he dies,
 ne famous School or Alms-house may arise,
 hose large Endowments may at once atone
 or all the Wrongs the screwing Knave has done.

Popish Harlots, when by Chance they raise
 Sum by their obscene and wicked Ways,
 ey dying, to the Church bequeath the same,
 o pass more quick the Purgatorian Flame,
 nd that they may from thence to Heav'n ascend
 irtue of that Dross their Sins have gain'd.

The common Herd, those wav'ring Tools of State,
 manag'd and mov'd by the ambitious Great,
 his way or that unthinkingly are drawn,
 slide with Cloak and Band, or Cope and Lawn;
 metimes for Low-Church much Esteem they bear,
 metimes for High they one and all declare;

Nature false and fickle, may with Ease
 turn'd what way their crafty Leaders please;

as prepar'd, will answer various Ends,
 or daring Foes, or serviceable Friends;
 Time of Need defend a sinking Throne,
 if provok'd and manag'd, pull it down:

ed to be drove, but easy to be led,
 oft betray, and are as oft betray'd:

And

And tho' sometimes they've had a just Intent,
 They scarce, 'till now; e'er did the Good they meant
 But thro' their Rashness, fall beneath the Curse
 Of making what they strive to mend, much worse
 Like head-strong Wives, who indiscreetly aim,
 By furious Means, bad Husbands to reclaim,
 But seldom prosper by the Dint of Tongue,
 Because the Methods that they use, are wrong.

Th' ambitious Knave, who labours to be Great,
 By sudden Pushes into Posts of State,
 Holds with one Party to obtain his Ends,
 Then turns a secret Traytor to his Friends;
 Is soon discover'd to be false and base,
 And so spew'd out of Service with Disgrace:
 Then with some other Party gladly joins,
 And in Revenge, his former Scheme declines;
 Turns High-Church to regain the Loss of Pow'r,
 Who was so rank a Whig not long before,
 Thus, Serpent-like, he sheds his outward Skin,
 But his old Venom still retains within,
 And will again, if fondl'd and carest,
 Shew his new Friends the Nature of the Beast;
 For he that once, to gratify his Pride,
 Proves false to those by whom he's first employ'd,
 Will ne'er be faithful to another Side.

These are the Monsters that increase their Breed,
 Since thou, Great *Genius*, hast in Caves lain hid,
 These have the Ruin of their Country wrought,
 And to a dang'rous Ebb its Welfare brought.
 These are the Locust of their native Soil,
 That feed so fat, and glory in its Spoil;
 And whilst the lab'ring Populace grow poor,
 By Villanies and Fraud increase their Store.
 These are the blust'ring Handful that pretend,
 Whilst they oppress and plunder, to defend;
 Who ne'er had Will to do one gen'rous Thing,
 To bless their Country, or to serve their King;
 Tho' both the Names they do too oft abuse,
 And blend 'em with the Tricks and Shams they use
 For when their Sophisters in so'lemn Cant,
 Talk of the Welfare of the Government,

the Nation's Good, or Safety of the Throne,
 abstracted from 'em all, they mean their own :
 thus gull the Publick with bifarious Terms,
 to grasp the whole with their insatiate Arms,
 and by the crafty Use of swelling Names,
 green the base Ends of their deluding Shams.
 These Prophets us'd the same Deceit of Old,
 and cunning Tales for Heav'n'y Dictates told,
 that the dull Croud might listen and obey,
 and think the thorny Road the safest Way.
 But now my Britons, to their Foes Surprise,
 ask up their Hearts, and rub their drowsy Eyes ;
 and since their waking Sight is made more clear,
 behold the threat'ning Dangers that are near,
 and with a bold united Voice, implore
 your ancient *Genius* to return once more,
 by thy Aid, beneath bright *Anna's* Care,
 by at one Stroke may end the tedious War,
 and by a brave and timely Push, overcome
 your Enemies Abroad, and Foes at Home ;
 act with Resolution, e'er too late,
 the Pride of Factions that disturb the State,
 and rescue, by severe and wholesome Laws,
 your injur'd Flock from out the *Tyger's* Claws ;
 that no designing Knaves, made up of Craft,
 by Religion's Ladders, climb aloft,
 by Mines cover'd with its holy Name,
 supplant the Heav'nly Substance of the same ;
 that dire Confusion may e'er long succeed,
 your Monarchy be struck for ever dead ;
 the whole Land, upon that fatal Day,
 be one Forrest to the Beasts of Prey,
 and only lose their Fury when they're chain'd,
 will be savage, if they're unrestrain'd.
Genius! therefore raise thy drowsy Head,
 now thou'rt courted, hasten back with speed,
 thy bold Sons, with Joy in ev'ry Breast,
 gladly welcome home so good a Guest ;
 will their cow'd and fainting Hearts inspire
 such Resentments as their Wrongs require,
 give 'em Warmth and Courage to despise
 Threats of those more confident than wise,

Who always steer by such uneven Rules,
 That shew their Faction either Knaves or Fools
 Arise, O *Genius*! and no longer waste
 Thy precious Minutes here, but fly with haste
 And teach my Sons their old and gallant Way
 Of fighting more for Glory, than for Pay,
 And how to curb that busy Faction's Brood,
 That never meant their native Country Good.
 Arise, I say, to their Assistance post,
 For now's the Time, O! let it not be lost,
 But to their Good, do thou their Courage bend,
 For Seasons slip'd, are hard to be regain'd.
 Instruct them timely how to trust their Lives
 And Fortunes with such Representatives,
 That love the Church, are dutious to the Throne,
 And prize the publick Welfare as their own;
 Men who their Country's Glory only seek,
 That justly act, as well as finely speak;
 Well qualify'd for Patriots ev'ry way,
 Not only fit to govern, but obey:
 No Whigs, who only hunt the publick Part,
 And still would be revolving for the worst;
 No Common-wealths-Men, that turmoil the State,
 And cramp the Kingdom, to be basely Great:
 But such as ne'er grew wealthy by their Crime,
 And durst be honest in the worst of Time.
 Then shall their Grievances be soon redress'd,
 Faction discourag'd, Party-feuds suppress'd,
 Religion flourish, and the Land be bless'd.

F I N I S.

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